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# Sakura Blossom



fantasy

magic

shapeshifter

114 2 12

## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

It is three hours until my wedding to the emperor, and I am only halfway transformed. The other wives surround me in an impenetrable circle, watching servants cake me with makeup. I suppose this is to prevent me from bolting.

But I have a different plan.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I allow a chambermaid to continue patting my nose with a light concealer. She has been careful to not lock eyes with me on the order of the royal guard and the king himself. Even the wives are closing their eyes, staring intently at my feet as I am worked on. Violation would mean death.

They have restrained my arms and legs, but not my head. With a quick duck I have butted her right in the skull. The wives gasp. She crumbles. The other servants are shocked, makeup and brushes still in hand. Quickly, they avert their eyes from me and help her up.

Perfect.

Again, I shove my head towards, my hands find the king's back. The momentum has loosened my legs somewhat and I push off the ground like they are nothing. Confusion reigns. Sooner or later, one of them will find me. I will not let them find me when they do...

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### Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



The girl's body is slimmer than I expected.

I practice my shocked expression, trying to mime the other women. Apparently, it is working. The girl in my body, however, is having less of a successful time. She screams bloody murder, writhing her hands.

"The devil woman has switched places with me! She's in my body!" The fingers that were once my own are now pointed at me. I bow to the ground for two reasons - one, I cannot afford to look at her again, because then I will trade places again and be back at square one, and two, all of the other women are doing so."

"It's not true," I say, this new voice boiling in my throat. "She's trying to trick us. This entire ordeal was a distraction for that witch. She couldn't switch with any of us, and now, she's trying to play it off!" My hands remained on the ground and my face, downward, but I added theatrical flair to my plight, twisting my hands and making hollow sobs. "Please, don't be fooled!"

The other wives were silent. The emperor needed a wife one way or the other within the three hours, and it didn't bother them in the least whom it was. Even if it could potentially be one of their peers. Their lack of loyalty was sickening, even to someone such as myself, but I couldn't afford to take the moral high road on this one if I ever wanted to see light beyond these palace walls ever again.

"Please," the body whom was once me cried, "*please*."

The speed at which the women rose shocked me, but fortunately, my feet have a habit of moving on their own, and I joined them. One woman raised her hand outwards, head bowed down (couldn't make eye contact with that venomous body swapper, now could we?) and reached for the makeup brush she had dropped. The trapped woman proceeded to sob, but fortunately, the make-up they - I suppose, now by extension, I - had applied stayed put. A lot of

women started doing their hair, trying to say that they had done it, wasn't possible to have makeup that could run.

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I took turns with the other women, trying to say that they had done it, wasn't possible to have makeup that could run. I reflected on my own body, and I soon found out that he

had indeed not married a body swapper, and would sweep the castle - and town, if need be - looking for her. I didn't trust myself to keep up this guise for long. A plan was needed - now.

It was shocking how frequently these incidents happened to me. I suppose it just comes with the territory of borrowing one of God's holy powers. Not that God has been any help during the entirety of my life. And He certainly isn't here with me right now.

My name is Sakura, and when I was five years old, I died. A typical child death - drowned, playing the in the stream and looking for crawfish. Fortunately, luck was on my side. My parents were ludicrously rich, and donated their entire life's savings to our God, in the hopes that it would bring me back. And it did, much to my parent's shock and pride when I rose from my own box at my funeral. Until, of course, I switched bodies with my mother.

This was God's price. In return for bringing me back to the realm of the alive, I would have to bear an extraordinary burden - the power to shapeshift. My parents later theorized that this was God's way of making sure I would not take His blessing lightly, and that I could learn some humility in this manner. I think that was a fancy way of saying He was an ass. Whenever I lock eyes with another woman - never a man - I instantly switch into their body, and they into mine. I can return to the opposite body if I wish, but sometimes, I simply don't. Especially in situations like this. My original body, at this point, could be anywhere. I don't think about it too often.

I pound the woman's face with more concealer, and she tries to maintain eye contact with me. I can tell from the corners of my eyes that her entire body is swiveled to meet my own. As if she can borrow my power. But I will not play her game.

The emperor will be pleased, and by the time that he is not, I will be a distant memory from the halls of this miserable palace.

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